

The Number Twelve Looks Like You, Civeta Dei.

pick up this doll, and watch the girl dream
cups spill, what holds, what holds, what holds tomorrow.
clenching the fist, raising the brow...
as glass enters the vein.
justice shines, in her dark eyes...
as an amber sky drips a tear upon a sunset.
this is seraph's dream... ten crowns drop.
parchment paper crumbles, when the curtain falls.
shade this tribulation in pastels...
silk feelings hurt...
the river holds the color you describe as love.